

# Rebellions Antidote:

O R A

## DIALOGUE

Between *COFFEE* and *TEA*.

*Tea.* **A**LL hail kind Friend sweet Balsom of our Age,  
What mean'st thou by such tragick Equipage?  
*Coff.* Welcome dear Sister, Basis of my Life,  
Better than Goodness, dearer than a Wife;

Forbear inquiring, lest thou force to rise  
Tears to a Deluge from my doleful Eyes,  
Such are my Complaints, and such my cruel Fate  
Tongue can't express their too to Ridged State.

*Tea.* A Curse all Curfes else below  
On those who do produce thy Woe;  
Death, Hell and Vengeance on him fall  
Who makes thy Fate so Tragical.

*Coffee.* Merit on Merit, loe now I see  
A Life thou mayest command of me,  
Command thy Pleasure, I'll not Decline,  
Thy Goodness has oblig'd me thine;  
And since as *Dido* thou command'st my Grief,  
I'll with *Aeneas* sum up all in Brief.

*Tea.* All that I beg is but the Reason  
What makes thy Visage out of Season.

*Coffee.* The Rage and Madness of the Nation  
Moves both my Heart and eke Compassion,  
Unto that height I cannot Force  
My Horrour to a mean Divorce,  
Since all the World does now rely  
On Madness and Debauchery,  
Lewd and Distract to such a Strain  
As if invoking back again.  
Grim Chaos of accurst Confusion,  
The product of our grand Delusion.

*Tea.* Truth without Error needs no Oath,  
All thou hast said is Naked Truth;  
Thus far th'art gone, but prethy tell,  
What 'tis occasions Death and Hell?  
Whence springs our Dolour, what's the source  
That Operates this Hellish Curse.

*Coffee.* 'Tis *Wine* and *Ale* and eke the *Grape*  
Has spawn'd this spurious bestial Rape;  
What is't but these produce, what horrid Fact  
But *Wine* and *Ale* and *Beer* will act;  
Death Hell and Judgment Hand in Hand  
With them and theirs do always stand;

Rapes, Murders, Thefts, and thousand Crimes  
Are gender'd by foul *Ale* and *Wines*;  
These are but Trifles to the Woe  
That *Wine* and *Ale*, and *Beer* can do;  
From whence unless from these do daily spring  
Rebellion, Treason, and Sham-ploring Sin;  
These Storm the Fort and let the Devil in.  
Judge you th' Effect where *Satan* Rules as Chief,  
'Tis then too late to cry stop Thief, stop Thief.

*Tea.* In these Extreame there's but one way I find,  
My Life for yours and that will Undermine  
The *Devil* himself, and give you all a Laughter,  
T' expell his Vengeance by an holy Water,  
Allay the Billows of the flowing Rout,  
One Dish of *Twist* will force the *Devil* out. (Portion

*Coffee.* Tho' hast hit the Pin, and *Twist's* the Sovereign  
To turn the Tide, reverse the *Alewives* Oacen,  
Disgorge, God, *Bacchus*, and prepare a Stage  
Once more to entertain a Golden Age.

*Tea.* Thanks noble Sir for this Relation  
In order to Retaliation,  
I'll force my Muse to such an height  
I'll thy deserv'd *Acrostick* Write.

C ome frantick Fools leave off your Drunken fits,  
O bsequiens be and i'll recall your Wits,  
F rom perfect Madness to a modest Strain,  
F or Farthings four I'll fetch you back again.  
E nable all your mene with tricks of State,  
E nter and Sip and then attend your Fate;

Come Drunk or Sober for a gentle Fee,  
Come ne'r so Mad i'll your Physician be.

*J, C, B. A B.*

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